MEXICAN RANCH OR HACIENDA

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Fertile Soil, Where Two Crops a Year Are Raised -Barley a Great Product - The Indians, the Rightful Possessors of the Land, Own Not So Much as the Huts They Live In.

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Special Corresdondence.

San Andres, Puebla, Mexico, January 27, 1901,-From our camp on the foothills of Ixtaccihuatlo, a beautiful view of the valley of Mexico could be seen. The city itself was hidden from us by a low range of hills, but the lakes and hills, towns and villages could be distinctly seen. Lake Texcoco with the town of the same name was to our right. On our left was lake Chalco, and farther beyond Lake Mochimilco, while between these and around them were a hundred lakes and ponds without names. Truly this is a land of "many waters," and may it not be the land spoken of in Mosiah VIII., 8, where, in telling Ammon about the travels of the men he had sent out to find the land of Zarahemla, King Limhi says: "And they were lost in the wilderness for the space of many days, yet they were diligent, and found not the land of Zarahemla, but returned to this land, having traveled in a land among many waters, having discovered a land which was covered with bones of men and beasts," etc.

A Sunday's rest refreshed both man and beast, and early Monday morning we were on the road again, Our road led over a range of mountains covered with forests of pine and oak and owned by the hacienda we had camped on the day before. At an altitude of ten thousand feet we passed the summit, and were uncomfortably near the White Lady, especially for those of us who already had contracted severe colds. A heavy wind blew cold and fresh from Popoca-tepetl, making warm clothes in great The descent on this side was rapid, and in an hour or so we were be-low the coldest stratum of air and into one more consistent with our clothing. At one o'clock we entered a village or ranch, and were surprised to learn that the administrador had been looking for us, and had even expected us the day before. It appears that the owner of the haclenda, to whom we had applied Saturday for the privilege of camping on his land, had telephoned to the ranch informing the one in charge that we along, and were to have the accommodations the ranch afforded. Though pressed to stay, as it was only noon, we decided to go on, and in com-pany with the administrador and two young men at the ranch as visitors we continued our way down the mountains.

THE HACIENDA.

ranch, which is a part large hacienda, is devoted principally to the cultivation of barley though much stock is raised as the hills furnish excellent pasturage. But fields of barley stretch out in every direction year with the crude wooden plow, and planted in the primitive way, and are reaped with the old fashioned sickle. Yet these primitive methods compete with the modern machinery of the United States, but do it only because human labor here is cheap. It is cheap-er to have four wooden plows, four oke of oxen and four Mexicans, than to have one sulky, with two span of mules and an American driver.

This hacienda raises maguey, from which palque is manufactured, and the have thousands of acres of the plant, barley for feed and for malt, and stock and sheep for the meat. Other products that bring in a considerable yearly revenue are firewood and charcoal, which are shipped by train to the city Mexico, and surrounding cities and

On Monday night we camped among the pines, 9,000 feet above sea level, and here passed our coldest night, the thermometer falling to 28 de-grees F. From the brow of a hill we could see the val-ley of San Martin, lying warm and comfortable below us. The fields were green with growing wheat and barley, trees, among them the peach, were in full bloom, and everything had the look of spring. Near by were the snow-covered mountains.

LOSS OF A MULE.

On Tuesday night we met with another loss, registering the fourth on the trip. We had made a hard day's drive, and had stopped once to feed corn. Old Jack, a faithful old beast from Oaxaca, who for a couple of weeks had been fast declining in flesh and strength, ate an over dose of the grain and became ill. At night he was too weak to stand, and it was apparent that he must be left behind. But the life of a mule is not much more than the life of a burro, so next morning his pack was transferred to others and we left him, still lying down, to die in peace. Here the country is so much cultivated it becomes difficult to obtain pasturage, and as there was a partial failure in crops last year fodder and hay are expensive. When, therefore, Brother Henning, who had ridden ahead to find accommodations, applied at a hacienda, he was refused, with the statement that the hacienda could not spare feed, but when the gentleman learned that the application was for a scientific expedition on its way to Cen-tral and South America, not only did he give us the best of pasturage, but gave it without price.

AN INTERESTING CITY. On Wednesday, still following down the valley, we passed through the city of Puebla, in many respects one of the most interesting in Mexico. It is clean, well paved, and contains some handsome buildings. The parks or plazas are not so gaudy with flowers as others we have seen, but are full of well trained and well kept trees. Here was made memorable the Cinco de Mayo, fifth of May, so much mentioned in the later Mexican history, and in whose honor nearly every large city in Mexico has named a street. It was in 1866 when the French were in possession of the city, and the army of patriots, under the now President Diaz, was trying to dislodge them. On the fifth of May a great victory for the latter was gained, and the French, beaten back, were driven from the city never more to en-ter it. Soon afterwards Maximilian was captured and executed.

From Puebla on we have passed through some small villages, especially Amozoe and Tepeaca, but mostly to be seen are haciendas, cultivating corn, barley and wheat. A slight accident brought me in close contact with two of these haciendas, and enabled me to get much useful information concern-ing them and the work hands employed

on them.
At Puebla I learned from a note form Brother Fairbanks in Mexico, where he had stopped a few days to finish a painting, that a telegram had come for me, and asking where he should send it. A telegram startled me, for it might contain news of the death or serious illness of loved ones. So I telegraphed in retay to wire the message to me at once to Amozoe. In the meantime the party was to go on to good feed, and there await me, until the morning, con-tinuing their journey next day should I not come. All day and all night in Amozoe I awaited the reply, only one thing occurring to relieve the monotony and strain of suspense. A typical American tramp heard of me, found me, and applied for assistance. was out of employment, according to

his story, was dead broke, but was hunting work. A little assistance would go a long ways, and could I not give him a lift? I helped him. It was the only time in my life that I cared to see a tramp, but here, where no one could speak to me in my native tongue, even tramp's companionship was accept-

Early next morning I received the

message. It related to money affairs, and brought encouraging news, and at once I started to find my compan-In some way I missed them, but did not know they were behind until I reached a little town called Tepeaca several miles beyond their camp. determined to push on to Tecama-chalco, a town I felt certain they would pass through though there were other roads they might take. Passing Tecamachaleo I applied at a large haclenda about dusk for accommodations, But peither the administrador nor the majordomo was in, so I had to await their coming. In the meantime the indian workmen were returning from their labors, and as they found me willing to talk to them, though understand-ing but little of their language, they soon gathered around and we formed quite a friendship. In an hour the majordomo came, the second man in charge under the administrador, who proved in this case to be rather out of sorts, or at best desirous of showing his great authority. To my application he replied, "yes," then in a very com-manding way ordered the Indians to put my horse some place and take me to the Casita. As for supper he regretted that there was nothing. I noticed the Indians were not pleased, for they drew off and consulted among themselves with considerable warmth, often using the word Casita, but, of course not understanding the language very well I said nothing. Instead of taking me to Casita, however, they took me across the road, and placing a large stone against the fence for me to sit on, one of them wrapped in his blanket squatted on one side, another in the ame way on the other and several wrapped in blankets sat in front. The leader explained that soon the administrador would arrive, and we would wait for him, and then we continued the subject we were on before the arrival of the underboss. As the majordomo left his office he called out to the Indians, "What does your friend want further?" and in a very respectful way was answered, "He chooses to see the administrador before retiring." Then they explained to me that the man was mean man, and wanted to put me in the Casita, a house where no one lived that had neither ber nor bed clothes and that was not suitable for me. The administrador was a good man and he would give me a good welcome. For an hour we waited in the moonlight, I and a half dozen Aztec Indians. When the man arrived my new found friends fol-lowed me to the door, and were better pleased even than I when I received a hearty welcome, and supper was or-dered for two. The next morning the Indians asked me several times if I had passed a comfortable night.

The next day, however, the majordomo got his revenge. He brought word that one of my companions fad passed on the road to Las plained to me that it was only two leagues away, and I must stay until after dinner. "You are welcome," he after dinner. to stay here as long as you wish and there will be no charges."

LOSES THE COMPANY.

I determined to go on, however, and after dinner started out, arriving at the hacienda after two hours' ride, but meeting with disappointment, for no one had come or had passed along the road answering the description of a companion.

Las Animas is a typical hicienda, where corn, wheat, barley and beans are the principal products. In ordinary

are the principal products. In ordinary years six thousand fanegas, about ten thousand bushels, of corn are raised, and somewhat less of wheat and barley. The owner, a young man of 35 years, is a bachelor, and lives in ease and luxury, having servants to his heart's content around him. The workmen are principally Aztecs, though some are of other tribes. They are all good workers, all honest, and all obedient and respectful. It was Saturday night and pay night. About dusk, dirty, ragged and tired, the men, women and children began coming in, and aschildren began coming in, and as-sembling in front of the office door. When the majordomes made their re-ports payments began. The first one to be called was a strong, large man, with ragged clothes, and a sack cloth tilma over his shoulders. His arms were bare, and so were his legs to the were bare, and so were his legs to the thighs. They were well muscled and under ordinary circumstances would do a good day's work. His face was marked with rigorous lines, eyes rather deep, mouth large, but not badly formed, nose prominent and forehead high but creased with lines of care or toil. He was not bad looking, he was not good looking: he had been overwo ked and under-fed, and the cold of winters had worn on his constitution. To the question, "How many days have you worked?" he replied, "six." and received for his week's toil \$1.50 i Mexican money, worth in the world 7 cents. The man looked at his silver counted the pieces, and without a smile but with a polite "thank you, Senor," stepped aside while the next one, his little boy, stepped up. The boy was well built, about ten years old, though hard work made him look older, and answered politely to the question, "six days, Senor." He received 36 cents in silver, or in gold 18 cents. He, too, passed off without a smile. The third was a woman, not more than thirty years of age, though she may have been much younger. She was not beautiful, not well dressed, neither was the next or clean. To judge from her she neat or clean. To judge from her hands she had not washed for a two-months, neither had she combed her hair in that time. She wore a light, low-necked chemise, with short sleeves, and a short cotton frock not coming much below the knees. On her feet were sandals, but nothing that took the place of stockings. Her face showed the marks of heavy toll, but, if she were washed and combed, and were well dressed, she would not be homely, in fact her eyes in another person's head might pass for beautiful. To the ques-tion of the dueno she answered "five days, senor," and was paid five bits or sixty-two cents in silver.

And so each one in his or her turn same forward and received his pay, the highest wages being one dollar and fifty cents for the week. Who could not get rich, with such productive soils, a c mate that admits of two crops per ye lr. and good working people who receive as wages barely enough to live on! And these toilers, these hewers of wood and carriers of water, are the descendants of the rightful owners of the soil, for the land was given to their forefathers

as an inheritance. But they do not now own so much as the hut they live in. Today as I traveled along the road towards Teotillan, I saw a mile or so ahead of me my companions. Our roads had joined a few miles back, and tonight we are together again exchanging notes on our several experiences. BENJAMIN CLUFF, JR.

GOSSIP FRAE THE LAND O' CAKES.

Glasgow Correspondent Writes Regarding Current Events in Bonnie Scotland and the Coming Ex-

Special Correspondence.

Glasgow, Scotland, Jan. 20 .- With her crags, peaks, and vales mantled with snow, another people, loyal to their queen, clad in mourning, the British empire today presents a picture of solemn grandeur-a scene suggestive of the kindly feeling, the memory of Queen Victoria will ever kindle in the breasts of all who have been privileged to watch her majestic reign for the past 64 years. As a child weeps for its departed mother, so Britain drops a tear for her deceased queen, and breathes a prayer to God that her successor, Ed-ward VII, will be as signally successful in keeping high the standard of the nation, as was his dear mother, whose remains now silenced in death, await the welcome of the yawning tomb. Never has a monarch gone down to the grave more keenly regretted than does Queen Victoria-for her people loved her, yea worshipped her, so devotedly was she enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen. And their cry now is 'mid tears, sobs and bitter anguish: "The Queen is dead"—"Long live the King.

In this city, the commercial capital of Bonnie Scotland, profound sorrow was pictured on every countenance on receipt of the sad news, and as a mark of loyalty to their departed sovereign. merchants and leading citizens essayed to do honor to the worthy dear by profusely decorating their places of business with a deep covering of black crepe, while flags on principal buildings were dropped to half mast, and the city generally soon wore an aspect of funeral melancholy. And thus it will remain for several days, while it will take years to efface from the memories of those who loved her, the deep impression made by the dead potentate during her long reign as sovereign of the British empire.

PROCLAIMED KING.

King Edward was proclaimed monarch of Great Britain, in Glasgow, last Saturday. The occasion was the signal for an immense gathering on George square, where the ceremony took place. but so great was the din and fusion that the reading of proclamation by Sheriff B proclamation by Sheriff Berry penetrated the auricular cavities of but very few. Preceding the ceremony proper there was a short procession, in which platoons of mounted police and civic and military men were conspicuous; and the band's rendition of "God Save the King," was the only evidence of the day's program being over.

The queen's death put a quietus on things social throughout the entire kingdom, and as a consequence devoted worshippers at the shrine of Burns had to forego the night of the "Immortal memory." In this connection it is re-lated that in a village near Glasgow there was a long and animated debate the other evening as to whether the usual tattie and herrin' and wash down should be called "off." The majority were in favor of the abandonment of the meeting, which was ultimately agreed to although one man pleaded hard that they "micht meet in a quiet kin' o' way and gang through a pairt o' the programme, and no' let onybody ken onything aboot it, in case it got tae

SMALLPOX IN GLASGOW.

Smallpox? Well, yes, it is slightly epidemic here as well as in Salt Lake. It must have been wafted hitherward on the balmy breezes of the Atlantic, as reports say it is more alarmingly prevalent than for several decades. The Belvidere hospital has upwards of 400 cases to attend to, and so malignant is the type that more than 60 deaths have occurred during the past two weeks. And this, too, in a land living with "vaccination." The outbreak is said to have occurred in the Bridgeton district, and now the entire south side
or a great portion of it, at any rate,
is a veritable pest-house, invaded by punctured patients and eminent medi-cal men. The malady is attributed largely to filth and overcrowded tene-ments, it being stated that in one narrow one-roomed shack where a death recently occurred, there were five or six occupants, necessitating for the corpse the alternate use of the table and bed when those living desired to eat or sleep. It is too true that such conditions actually obtain in greater Chas-gow, the cause being high rents and starvation wages for the working classes. And in the midst of it all, the M. D.'s are reaping a golden harvest injecting putrid vaccine virus into the systems of those liable to contract the dread -a preventive, which of course, must be renewed every seven years in order to render it effective(?) Surely 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. Are you coming over to the "Glesca" Fair?—the international exhibition, I mean. Its doors are to be thrown open to the public on Tuesday, May 7th, and to all present appearances it will be well worthy a visit, as work is being rushed pell-mell in every department, to the end that all promises may be scrupulously lived up to. Prominent on the busy scene now presented in Kelvingrove Park, is an army of Russian workmen, who, in a style peculiarly their own, are pushing work on the Russian building, which promises to be a distinctive feature in itself. Then a distinctive feature in itself. Then there is the arts building, completed and ready for use; the dome-like amphithe ater rapidly nearing its projected self, and a score of others all assuming tan-gible form in a manner that bids fair for a clear coast on the appointed seventh of May. Russia proposes to do herself proud on this occasion, so much so in fact, that the czar is to grace the exhibition with his personal presence. Then America, I understand, will not be behind in her display of native products; neither will Australia, Germany nor several others, now bending their energies to excel in showing what kind of stuff they are made of. It is said that the Sousa's band, the musical pride of America, is coming over, and if so this feature alone will be sufficient to attune the heart-strings of all Americans, and make them feel that life, even in Scotland, is well worth the living. In order to properly transport, hither and thither, all who may attend, the Glasgow, corporation has ordered 400 electric cars ready for use by the first of May, so that with hacks, han-soms and other vehicles for which this section is famed, visitors will be moved to and fro with dispatch while in other respects all their wants will be just as properly attended to.

SCOTCH KEELEY CURE.

"Girgenti," is the unique title of an institution now operating in Glasgow as reformatory for first-class beozers. It was established under the Inebriates' act, and from all accounts appears to be doing a thriving business. It seems to be a second edition of the Keeley Institute as it is operated for the bene-Institute, as it is operated for the bene-fit of such inebriate patients as may be likely to obtain a permanent cure, and is not intended for the criminal class. whose "politics" would be liable to con-taminate those more morally conservative. Another qualification is that they must be bona fide residents of Glasgow. as the authorities are no doubt of opin-ion that in taking care of this class,

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and this alone, the corporation will have its hands full. All hall Girgenti! As a key to whatever Scotch may appear above, I cheerfully submit the following, which will no doubt be interesting reading to all true Caledonians: They speak in riddles north beyond the

The plain, pure English they can deftly Yet when without the book they come Their lingo seems half English and half

Their jaws are chafts, their hands when closed are neive. Their bread's not cut in slices, but in Their armpits are their oxters, palms

are luifs, Their men are chields, their timid fools are cuiffs, Their lads are callants, and their wo-

men kimmers, Good lasses denty queens, and bad ones limmers. They thole when they endure, scart when they scratch; And when they give a sample it's a swatch

Scolding is flytin', and a long palaver Is nothing but a blether or a haver.
This room they call the butt and that the ben, And what they do not know they dinna

On keen cold days they say the wind blaws snell, And when they wipe their nose they dicht their byke, And they have words that Johnson could not spell.

As umph'm which means-anything you like; ile some, though purely English, and well known, Have yet a Scottish meaning of their

To prig's to plead, beat down a thing in To coff's to purchase, and a cough's To crack is to converse; the lift's the

And bairns are said to greet when chil-When lost, folk never ask the way they They spier the gate, and when they

yawn they gaunt, Beetle them with is a clock, a flame's Their straw is strae, chaff, cauff, and hollow, howe, pickle means a few; muckle is big; And a piece of crockery ware is called

YE KEN WHA FRAE.

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If not, now is your chance to And get it cheap.
Of course you know what
they're good for.

Then we'll tell you: Good for cold feet, Good for pains and aches, Good for neuralgia and head-Good for rheumatism.

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ter,
For seventy-five cents.
They're selling pretty fast, Do you want one?

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Ask your grocer for it and take no other.



HE GOT IT.

Prosperous Citizen-Now, see here, I haven't a cent for a fellow of your sort. You're nothing but a lazy, good for nothing rascal! It's no use talking. Don't you understand that your'e simply taking up my time?



ap your time, is I, boss? Wel', mebbe you're right!

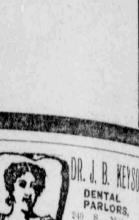


Prosperous Citizen-Those fellows can't fool me! He got just what he



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No-slack is not the same price, although you might think a from the amount some dealer send you with your other coal. Bamberger, 161 Main.

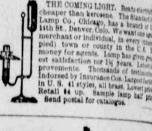


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